

The Day Krishna took Sannyasa

Although Krishna is the Supreme Personality of Godhead, He relishes being subordinate to His devotees — especially Srimati Radharani, the topmost devotee. Sometimes in Her loving dealings with Krishna She manifests transcendental anger toward Krishna and refuses to see Him. Krishna relishes Radharani's anger and becomes overwhelmed with ecstasy. Krishna has to devise some method to break Radharani's loving sulkiness, and this pastime is known as māna-bhañjana-līlā, the pastime of breaking Srimati Radharani's anger. Regarding such pastimes, Srila Prabhupada has described:

Krishna wants to be controlled by Yasodamayi. Krishna wants to be defeated by His friends. Krishna wants to be refused Radharani's *darśana*. [When] Radharani is angry, She refuses [to allow Krishna to see Her]. She has ordered the *sakhīs*, "Don't allow Krishna to come here!" [Then] Krishna flatters [the *sakhīs*], "Kindly let Me go." "No sir, You cannot go." This is Krishna. (Excerpt from a lecture on *Nectar of Devotion*, Bombay, 10 January 1973).

The following translation is adapted from a series of songs that have been passed down by the Giri family in Gadeigiri, Orissa for hundreds of years. Written principally by two medieval Gaudiya poets Sri Chandan and Jnana Das, the songs describe a wonderful way in which Krishna once broke Radharani's angry mood. They are still sung on festive occasions to this day.

Krishna's Offense

Not finding Krishna in the *kuñja* where He was supposed to meet Her, Radharani inquired, "O My dear Lalita! Where is the friend of My heart? Please show Me His moonlike face!" With a trembling body, She continued, "O *sakhī*, where did Krishna go? I have decorated the *kuñja* nicely for Him. I cannot walk even one step without Shyam, Krishna. In His absence, the bed has become poison. O My *prāna-sakhī*, My life will go! Where has My beloved gone, leaving Me here? This disgrace is worse than death — Krishna gave up My beautiful bed. He took Me to *kuñja-vana*, the forest grove, and My caste and prestige are now gone. Because of Shyam, it is declared in all of the villages of Vraja that Radha is unchaste. Tolerating infamy and reproach for the sake of Shyam, My golden body is becoming crushed. Where is that holder of the flute? O *sakhī*, has He given you any message or signal?

"O My dear *sakhī*! Without Krishna, this flower-bed is useless. I decorated this bed with varieties of flowers and sprinkled camphor powder on it. I brought a jeweled *camara* here for His service. O *sakhī*! All merciful Shyam captivated My heart.

"For Him I became known as unchaste and carry a burden of disgrace. For Shyam I have tolerated so many reproaches in Vraja. Seeing His beautiful threefold bending form and His crooked glance, I forgot everything. I died, drowning in the ocean of beauty of that hero. I go to take bath in the Yamuna, fearing that Kanu, Krishna, will come and grab the end of My sari. What kind of flute does He have? It has stolen My mind. His melodious tunes charm a person and they become paralyzed.

"O *sakhī*! Who has kept the friend of My heart, Krishna, tonight? I am distressed and unfortunate, for Krishna has not arrived. Thinking of Him, this night will not end. I made and carefully folded a new outfit for Krishna out of unfading cloth. I strung together garlands of *campaka* and *nāgeśvara* flowers for Him. All of these things have become useless and withered, for Lord Hari never came. I prepared betel nuts with cardamom, and also mixed scented oil, sandalwood paste and camphor to smear on Shyam's body. O My dear friend, what has the holder of the flute done to Me? There is no certainty that I will survive. I am surrounded by enemies. Struck by the five arrows of cupidⁱ⁷, the five airs^{u8} of My life are going to leave. O My dear friend! What has that

bhāvagrāhi Krishna, who knows My innermost desire, not done to Me? Who is that cruel lady in Vraja who is hiding that holder of the flute?

The poet Sri Chandan says, “Now Kishori, beautiful young Radha, has sulkiness, *māna*.”

Debauchee Womanizer

Seeing the situation, the beautiful Lalita consoled Vinodini Radha, and went out to search for Madhava. She looked for Vanamali Krishna in every *gopī’s kuñja*. At last, she came to Chandravali’s *kuñja*. There she found Banamali, maddened after the love of Chandravali. Seeing Him there, Lalita became very surprised. She took a *ketakī* flower leaf from the decoration on her hair, wrote a letter on that leaf and threw it on the road in the place where Shyam would depart from the *kuñja*. With much anger, Lalita *sakhī* then came to Radhika and said, “O my dear friend! What shall I tell You? Chandravali has bound up Muralidhara, that *lampaṭa nāgara*, debauchee womanizer. The poet Sri Chandan says, “Oh Kishori, Lord Hari has rejected You.”

Restless Krishna

At dawn, Shyam woke up and found the *ketakī* leaf letter. He picked it up and immediately knew that it was Lalita’s handwriting. His chest trembled. He thought, “Giving up the love of Kamalini, lotus-like Radha, I am here with Chandravali.” Breathing heavily, His mind disturbed, Krishna thought, “How did They know I was here? Oh what I will do now?” The poet Sri Chandan says, “Kanu, Krishna, became restless and apprehensive.”

Radhika’s Anger

Like a thief, Shyam then went to meet Kishori. With folded hands, a cloth around His neck, and straw in His teeth,ⁱⁱⁱ⁹ He came before Kishori and began to plead, “O merciful Radhe! Please forgive Me for My offenses.” Humbly offering His obeisances again and again to Her, Shyam said, “O life of My heart, please show Me Your moon-like face. I am *dīna-jana*, a fallen person, but You are *dīna-bandhu*, the friend of the fallen. Please be merciful to Me. O *karuṇā-sindhu*, ocean of mercy. Please excuse this offender.” Hearing Shyam’s humble prayer, Kishori became even angrier. Radharani was keeping Her back to Shyam, Her moonlike face looking down at the ground. She began drawing lines on the earth with Her fingernail. At that time, Lalita held a mirror in front of Radhika’s face. Seeing Shyam’s reflection, Radha became even angrier and began to chastise Lalita.

But lotus-like Radha noticed that Krishna was wearing a piece of Chandravali’s cloth. She said, “What kind of cloth are you wearing? There is *kajjala* and vermillion on Your lips. Go back to Your dearmost Chandravali and try to console her.” Seeing bite marks on Krishna’s cheek, and seeing that His peacock feather was bent and the hair on His head completely disheveled, Radhika said, “Go present Yourself to Chandravali! You have no shame! Even though the Yamuna River is nearby, You have not washed Your face. O Braja-bandhu, Krishna, friend of the Vrajabasis, now Your name ‘Radha-bandhu’ no longer applies. Before You were *mugdha-nātha*, lord of bewildered persons. Now You have become Chandravali-nath, the Lord of Chandravali.”

Krishna said, “O affectionate Radha! You are most forgiving! Please forgive Me. O foremost of young girls, I became bewildered and mistakenly touched a lily, thinking that it was a lotus.

“O *kṣamā-nidhi*, ocean of forgiveness, Sri Kishori! Please excuse Me for all of My offenses. Unable to bear Your harsh insulting words, I must jump into the Yamuna river and end My life. I am like the body and You are the life. Without You, everything is empty.

Radhika angrily responded, “Don’t touch me. Get out of here! I don’t want to see You. I don’t even want to see Your shadow. O shameless one, go! Take bath in the Yamuna, feed the *brāhmaṇas*, and became free from sin.” All of the *sakhīs* then spoke to Radhika on behalf of Krishna. They said, “O crest jewel of young women! Why are You so angry with Giridhari? Not getting a taste of nectar, You are throwing it away. This will only bring You lamentation. You know how He danced on the heads of Kaliya and how He lifted Govardhan Hill. What kind of love do You have? Sukadeva Goswami, Sanaka Kumar, Janaka Maharaja — all of the sages and all of the three worlds are meditating on His name. That same Krishna is now standing before You with folded hands. Please don’t make Him more miserable and depressed. Show Him Your face and relieve Shyam of His sorrow.

Nothing Black

But taking all Her girl companions to a secluded place, Radhika expressed Her anger to them. She said, “Henceforward, anyone who speaks to Me about Krishna, or anyone who even utters His name, will be considered My enemy. From today on, I will not look at any black or deep-blue colored things — even new clouds or black dresses, etc.

Hearing this, Lalita said, “O Radha! You are always thinking of that black boy and thus always carrying that contamination in Your mind. How can You give up thinking of Him? The Yamuna’s water is black — will You stop going there to collect water?”

Radhika replied, “I will no longer go to the Yamuna! I will no longer bind My black hair or apply black kajjala to My eyes. I will not look at the black rain cloud. Black is My enemy. O Visakha! That black enemy stung Me.” Visakha said, “O Radhika, what kind of vow have You taken? Don’t reject Him for whom You have already lost Your caste and family. The cage for Your pet parrots is black. What You will do with that?”

Radhika replied, “O *sakhīs*, break that cage and set the parrots free. Take this blue *marakata*-jeweled bangle off My hand and replace it with a golden one. Take this blue *sari* and throw it in the Yamuna. Smear white sandalwood on all of these black pictures or break them. Don’t put any black-colored cloth on My bed, make My *kuñja* white, and don’t let that Shyam into My *kuñja*.”

Citra *sakhī* told Radhika, “O My dear Kishori! Please listen to me. O princess! How long will You banish all of these things? Your black hair looks beautiful on Your head. What You will do with it? There are black circles inside of Your eyes. What will You do with them? Please tell me.”

Hearing her words, Radhika became very angry and replied, “I will not look at the mirror to see My black hair. I will make My black hair white by smearing sandalwood on it. I will not listen to the sound of the black crow and cuckoo, not will I see the dark night. O Visakha, My heart is burning with so much distress, please don’t speak any *kṛṣṇa-kathā*.”

Ever youthful Radha then broke the birdcage with Her own hands and let the parrots out. Throwing away that *marakata*-jeweled bracelet, She replaced it with a golden one.

One *gopī* said, “O Radhika! If Mohana plays His flute, how can You tolerate it? How can You stay steady? As soon as He plays His flute, all of Your tolerance and resolution will fade away. What kind of promise are You making? As soon as You hear the sound of Mohana’s flute, You must run. He is like a magnet and You are like iron. You will go mad for Him.”

Radha said, “My dear friend! Listen to the painful story of what that thief Nilamani did to Me yesterday. He for whom I have become a disgrace in Vraja, that same person yesterday night took rest at Chandravali’s *kuñja*. Yesterday on the bank of the Yamuna, Shyam gave some indication to meet Me at My *kuñja*, but He did not show up. I have been keeping this *guñjā-mālā* necklace as the sign of His signal, but Chandravali usurped Him.

What type of *mantra* did that woman apply to Shyam that the flower bed I made for Him became useless? I made a lamp of flowers for Him, but the boat of My hope drowned in the water. Last night I wasted the entire evening. O friend! Don’t speak to Me the name of Krishna. Whoever speaks that name will be My enemy. This is the vow of Radha. From today onwards I give up all types of black-colored things. I will not use black eyeliner anymore in My eyes.”

Another *gopī* said, “O Radha! Will You not cross the Yamuna to go to the market in Mathura to sell yogurt? How is it possible for You to give up thinking of the black form of He for whom, by not seeing for a single moment, You feel like millions of *yugas* have passed? How is it possible for you to give up thinking of He for whom you are carrying that reputation of being unchaste on Your head? How can You stop going to the Yamuna to meet that black gold?”

Radha replied, “I will not go to the Yamuna for water or bath. O *gopī*, don’t quarrel with Me. Previously I did not know about that debauchee’s activities. My whole body is burning with poison from that black womanizer. Uproot the *tamāla* tree that is near the *kuñja*. Drive that black bee out. I don’t want to wear any black bangles or hear the sound of the black peacock.

“For Him, I bore the burden of a scandalous reputation. I had to tolerate so much slander, indignity and insults for Him. With great fear I go to take bath in the Yamuna, and Kanu always comes and harasses Me on the way. What kind of *mantra* does He keep in His flute that steals My mind? Don’t allow the gardener to bring blue flowers to My home. My heart is breaking seeing that blue lily flower. Bring that golden *campaka* flower to Me, along with sandalwood. Smear it on Me and I will become white-colored.”

Another *gopī* said, “O Radhika! Don’t be angry with Giridhari. He is Your real wealth. O my friend, unable to taste that nectar, the day will come when You will repent. He is controlling Sukadeva Goswami, Sanaka Kumara and others. For seven days Indra made it rain, but he was defeated by Krishna. Now You are not speaking with Him, but the day will come when You will speak to Him first.”

Another *sakhī* said, “Whatever happened, let it go. Now we have to go for *sūrya-pūjā*. O Rai, let us go. That Shyam came and requested You to forgive Him, but You would not even look at Him. You are angry with Him, but He has no fault.” Ignoring the advice of Her *sakhīs*, Radha refused to give up Her anger.

Disguise of the Lady Barber

In the meantime, wandering around Vraja feeling unbearable separation from Radhika, Krishna met with Vrindadevi. He humbly told her, “O My friend, I am drowning in an ocean of grief. Please save Me! My heart is crying. How can I attain the lady of My life? I am ill-fated, as the ocean of anger has come to Me. Due to My fault, I have attained this situation. What shall I do now? Where will I go? In which way can I meet My *prāṇeśvarī*? Please show Me some means out of this predicament. I am a great offender, but Kishori is very merciful. I am suffering in separation from Radhika. Please save My life and reunite Us.”

The goddess of the forest Vrinda said to Shyam, “The fire of Radhika’s sulky anger is increasing more and more. Who can approach Radha and pour the ghee of Your humility on the fire of Her anger? She has closed Her ears and refuses to hear anything. Even She considers Her hair the same as poison. She has stopped going to the Yamuna for water, and will not even look at the dark night. She banished all of Her girl companions who had blackish complexions. She threw Her blue jewel necklace away. She freed the parrots and broke their cage. She

uprooted the black tamal tree that She was personally taking care of. She has smeared sandalwood all over all the dark pictures, and trembles with anger when She sees the blue sky.”

Crying, His heart troubled, Shyam said, “O Vrinda, how can I attain My lover? Please give Me some intelligence whereby I can have Her *darśana*.”

Vrinda Devi replied, “O Nilamani, listen. There is one way, You have to dress as a *nāpitī*, a female barber, and go Radhika’s place. There You should smear *kumkum* on Rai’s feet, and You can thus have Her *darśana*. Hearing Vrinda’s words, immediately Kalachand agreed, and requested Vrinda to dress Him appropriately. Vrinda dressed Shyam up as a lady barber. She made a braid in His hair and fixed a *ketakī* flower on it. She dressed Him in a colorful sari. On His nose she placed a jeweled ornament, on His neck a wonderful necklace, and also placed bracelets, arm bands, a jeweled waist belt, and many other types of ornaments. Finishing, Vrinda Devi told Him, “O crest jewel of dancers! This is a very wonderful dress. You look very beautiful.” Saying this, Vrinda showed a mirror to Shyam. Seeing His dress, Shyam thanked Vrindadevi for her kind intelligence and help.

Beggar of Prema

Taking a box of *kumkum*, Shyam hid at the entrance to Yavat and waited for Radhika and Her girl companions. After some time, Radhika came, accompanied by Lalita and other *sakhīs*. Lalita noticed a beautiful lady barber waiting to offer Her service of smearing color on ladies’ feet. Lalita saw that this wonderful lady looked far more beautiful than the heavenly damsels, and that nectar was falling from Her laughter. Lalita inquired, “O beautiful lady, where do You stay? Are You living here in Vraja or somewhere else?”

The lady barber replied, “I stay at Madhupuri (Mathura). I am a *prema-kāṅgālīnī*, a beggar of *prema*. I have come here to put some color on the feet of Kishori. Please show Me where is the daughter of Vrishabhanu Maharaja, who is famous as Raseswari, the queen of the *rāsa* dance, Kamalini, the lotus like one, and Kishori-ratana, the jewel of young girls?” The poet Jnana Das says, “Please show me Her feet.”

With Trembling Hands

Lalita said, “O lady, our *sakhī* Srimati is very sad. She is not interested in wearing any kind of ornament or decoration. Radhika is now uncontrollably angry at Krishna. She has given up all kinds of decorations and says that Her body is burning. Even if we smear cooling sandalwood paste and *kastūrī* musk on Her body, it simply increases Her pain twice over.”

Hearing all this, the lady barber addressed Radharani, “O Srimati, give up Your sadness. Your moonlike face looks black — seeing that, My heart is breaking. O Rasarangini, one who delights in pleasure pastimes, please give up Your sulkiness. O Radha with beautiful hair, please be merciful to Me. You are a resident of Yavat. You are the giver of mercy. O Rasarangini, don’t be angry in Your mind.” Speaking these words of consolation to Radhika, Krishna then opened His little box. Touching Radhika’s lotus feet, Krishna began cleaning Her nails and then putting red-colored *kumkum* on the bottom of Her feet. With shaking hands, Krishna disguised as a lady barber started writing “Shyam” on Radhika’s foot. When Radhika saw this, She pulled Her foot back and became very angry at that lady. With great indignation, Radhika said, “Who taught You to write this name? You are such a shameless lady! Are you fearless? Get out from here!” SSaying this, Radhika drove Her out of that village. That lady barber became very fearful and left that place, chanting Radha’s name with tears in Her eyes.

Disguise of the Lady Florist

Crying and crying in separation from Radhika, Shyam again came to Vrinda Devi. “O Vrinda Devi, please save Me! O goddess of the forest, show Me how I can reunite with that beautiful girl of Vraja. How can I meet with Her and how can Her sulkiness be dissipated? The fire of anger inside of the heart of Radharani is increasing more and more.”

Vrinda Devi told Shyam, “O Nilamani, if You want to have *darśana* of Radha You should accept the dress of a *mālinī*, a lady florist.

Krishna said, “O Vrinda, how can you be so bold as to again suggest that I disguise Myself and approach Radha? Following your instructions, I dressed as a lady barber and came near Radhika at Yavat. The only result was that I had to run away. With great anger, Radhika pushed Me with Her hand and threw Me out from there.” Vrinda Devi replied, “Don’t think that all is hopeless.” The poet Jnana Das says, “Krishna, You are *māyādhara*, the Lord of illusion. Who understands Your pastimes? All of this is a joke arranged by You.”

The Moonlike Lady

Vrinda then decorated moonlike Krishna as a lady florist. She ornamented His hair with many different kinds of flowers and placed a jeweled ornament known as a *sīmantiṇī* on the part in His hair. She then fixed an ornamental pearl on His nose and necklaces and shark shaped earrings on His neck and ears. What can be more wonderful than the *sindura* on His forehead, which appeared like the full moon shining above the blossoming lotus of His face? On His arms, Vrinda Devi placed jeweled bracelets. On His feet, she attached jeweled ankle bells. The poet Jnana Das says, “Also, there is red *kumkum* on His feet.”

Tears of Shame

Dressed in a white sari, Krishna’s beauty was so great that it could even divert the mind of a *sannyāsī*. Vrinda brought a basket that was full of garlands made from *nilotpala*, *campaka*, *nialī*, *punnāga*, *ketaki*, *mālatī*, *mādhavī*, *raṅganī*, *kunda*, *bakula*, and other kinds of flowers.

After adopting the dress of a *mālinī*, Shyam went to Yavat. The master of illusion is now mad and bewildered in *rādhā-bhāva*, thinking, “When will this sulkiness leave My beloved?” With a blissful mood, that *mālinī* entered Radha’s house. Looking at the faces of Lalita and the other *sakhīs*, She said, “Please help Me!” Seeing that beautiful *mālinī*, who possessed a most wonderful blackish complexion, Visakha asked Her, “O dear one, where are You from?”

The *mālinī* replied, “O My friend, please listen. My birthplace is Mathura. Due to fear of Kamsa, I stay in Vraja. Where is your Radharani? I am a *mālinī* with fresh flower garlands. Please accept them quickly, for My time is running out and I have to return to My home soon.”

Lalita said, “Rai’s situation is very bad. Your blue lily flower garland will not be pleasing to Her. Nor do we need flowers for anything else. We no longer have time for *sūrya-pūjā*, nor are we going to the Yamuna anymore for bath, because the Rahu planet of *māna* is attacking Radhika.”

Lalita then indicated to that *mālinī* that She should put a garland on Radhika. The *mālinī* then placed garlands of *mallikā*, *campaka* and *mālatī* (all white- colored flowers) on Radhika, and became very happy.

The *mālinī* then inquired, “O Rasarangini Radha, what kind of dress are You wearing? I do not see any black bangles, which would look very beautiful on Your wrists. Nor are there any blue *marakata*-jeweled ornaments on Your arm. I don’t see any blackish *gopīs* in Your house, nor do I see the famous black tamal tree in Your courtyard. Moreover, I am surprised to find that all of the dark-colored pictures in Your house have been smeared with white sandalwood.”

The *mālinī* then went to offer Radhika a blue lily flower garland. The *mālinī* told Her that it would help Her to remember Krishna. As soon as Rai saw that garland, She became very angry and threw the garland away. She said, “You are a low-class person! What are You saying? You are nonsense. Get out of here!”

The poet Jnana Das says, “With tears of shame in His eyes, Lord Shyamasundar immediately left that place and went back to Vrinda Devi’s cottage kutir.”

Sannyasi Dress

Shyam told Vrinda Devi that the *māna*, sulky anger, had still not left Radha. “O Vrinda Devi,” He said, “My heart is crying. I will give up My life by jumping into the Yamuna river.”

Vrinda told Him, “O Shyam, please be patient. You should dress as a *sannyāsī*. Then You should go to Radhika and beg for the alms of Her sulkiness. When the jewel of *prema* becomes a beggar of *prema*, then Radha’s unconquerable sulkiness must break.”

Krishna said, “Without delay, quickly arrange that *sannyāsī* dress for Me, and I will go to that beautiful girl to beg alms.”

Vrinda Devi replied, “No, it is not possible for me to give that dress to You. To obtain it, You will have to go to Kailash and approach Lord Bholanath, Shiva. Let us go there at once.”

In Kailash, Shyam called out “O Mahesh, where are you? Please give Me your *darśana*. My heart is crying for Radhika.”

Hearing that voice, the Lord of Durga stood up from his seat, and understanding that it was Krishna, he became surprised.

Krishna said, “O holder of the trident, please dress Me in your form. Give Me ashes, matted hair, and *ḍamaru* drum. O Mahesh, only in this way will the *māna* of Radha go away.”

Hearing Shyam’s words, five-headed Shiva pondered, and said, “You are *brahmāṇḍa nāyaka*, the hero of the entire universe. What can I say to You? You are the Lord of *māyā*, illusion. You are playing a joke on me. Seeing You here today in Your enchanting Mohana form, my *bhajan-kuṭīra* has become successful. How can I matt the hair on that head decorated with the peacock feather? How can the *tripuṇḍra*, three-lined *tilaka*, look nice on that forehead decorated with two beautiful upright lines of *tilaka*? How can that ear, decorated with jeweled earrings, now wear a copper earring? How can I put a garland of bones on the same neck where Radharani has placed a *vaijayantī* garland? How can that same shoulder that has been decorated with golden cloth now carry a *bhikṣā-jhulī*, a cloth bag for begging? How can that beautiful hand which carries the flute now carry a *kamaṇḍalau*, a *sannyāsī*’s water pot? How can I smear ashes on that body which is always scented with fine camphor and sandalwood? How is it possible to place a tiger skin on that waist which is decorated with yellow silken garments? How can there be a *kaupīna*, loincloth, on the same waist that has borne a belt of fine bells that produce the captivating sound of “*runu jhunu*”?

Krishna said, “O Mahesh, for *mānamayi* Radha, please decorate Me with matted hair and *sannyāsī* dress.” Lord Shiva then decorated Krishna as a *sannyāsī*. He smeared ashes on the Lord’s body, gave Him a *japa-mālā* and a *bhikṣā-jhuli*, bag for begging. He put a tiger skin on the Lord, a garland of *rudrākṣa* beads around His neck, and placed in His hand a *ḍamaru* drum making the sounds “*dibi dibi*”.

A Song for Radha

Dressed as a *sannyāsī* beggar, Braja-bandhu arrived in Vraja, singing the following song over and over again: ^{iv10}

māna-mayī rādhe māna-bhikārī- tomā-lāgi hailu ḍambaru-dhārī
yāmāra aparādha kṣama-māna-dhana dāna-niba

“O *māna-mayī* Radhe, I am a beggar of *māna*. Just for You I have become a holder of the *ḍamaru* drum. Please forgive Me for My offenses. I have come to beg the wealth of Your sulky anger.”

bandhure to lāgi āji bhaṣmajaṭā anurāgi
māna-dhana bhikṣā-māgi āñibi sate
tora śrī-mukha prasanna sate karibi darśana
chaṇā sudhā vacana ki bhāsibu mote
tora nāma mālā āśrīta
māna-mayīre muñ tora kiñilā bhṛtya

O My friend! Today, out of love for You, I have accepted ashes on My body and matted locks of hair. I will go and beg from You *māna-dhana*, the wealth of Your loving sulkiness. In this way, I will make You happy and I will get to have Your *darśana*. Will You speak to Me and shower the rain of Your mercy upon Me? I will chant *japa* of Your name on My beads. O *mānamayi*, I am Your paid servant.

teji to durjyaya-māna bhaji jamunā pulina
sakhi-saṅge majji-jibu phula tolāre
gunthi nīlotpala mālā lambāibu mo gaḷā
setebele pāibi muñ buḍibā bhelāre
tebe naṭabara mo veśa
śikhi puccha bāṅka-cuḷa hoichi dhvaṁsa

When will You give up Your unconquerable sulkiness? When will You again come to the bank of the Yamuna? When will You absorb Yourself in picking flowers with Your girl companions? When will You make a garland out of blue lotus flowers and put it on My neck? This will fulfill all of My desires. Then My sinking boat will be rescued. But now, My dress as the best of dancers, My peacock feather, and My curly hair have all been discarded.

teji muhiñ dhandā-phandā geruā vasana pindhā
andhāra hoichi vṛndā-ramya mandire
mandāra mālinī īśa pindhāile yogiveśa
nāhiñ kārya mora rādhe nanda mandire
pindhā-pitavāsa ambara
tā vadaḷe vyāghra carma-kaṭi ambara

Giving up all of My duties, I have accepted saffron cloth. Vrinda's beautiful temple has been dark.^{v11} Shiva has given Me the dress of a *yogi-sannyāsī*. O Radha! I have no more work in the temple of Nanda Maharaja. Instead of yellow-colored cloth, I am now wearing a tiger-skin dress.

*kali-yuge avatāra gaurāṅga rūpare
tomāri guna gāibi nagare nagare
praveśila yāvaṭare bolyā śiva śiva
śrī candana carana dhulā kabebā pāiba*

In Kali Yuga, in the form of Gauranga Mahaprabhu, I will sing Your glories in every town. Uttering, “Shiva Shiva”, the *sannyāsī* beggar proceeded towards the village of Yavat. The poet Sri Chandana is thinking, “When will I get the dust of Radhika's feet?”

Alms from Yasoda

The *sannyāsī* beggar first came to the palace of Nanda Maharaja. Rattling the *ḍamaru* drum, He said, *jaya hara hara jaya ḍamaru-dhara* — “All glories, all glories to Hara, Lord Shiva, the holder of the *ḍamaru* drum.” Looking at that yogi, Nandarani Yasoda, the queen of Nanda Maharaja, thought, “I have never see this type of yogi before. Is this my Nilamani Gopal coming to me in the dress of a yogi?” She asked, “O best of the yogis, where is Your house? Please tell me. What kind of foolish parents do You have? How could Your mother let You be a yogi from such an early age? How could Your parents tolerate it? They must be in great distress. O yogi, come here and play with my Kana! Just now, my Nilamani has gone outside to play. As soon as He returns, You can make friendship with Him. The two of will get great pleasure playing together.”

That best of yogis replied, “O mother, I have come from Mathura. My mother's name is Devaki Yogini, and father is Vasunatha. Please quickly give Me some alms. I have to return to My place.”

Hearing the yogi's words, Mother Yasoda called for her son, “O my dear son, Kana! Where are You? Please come. I want You to make friends with this yogi who looks just like You.” At that time, Lord Chakrapani created an illusion. He expanded Himself and came to the lap of Mother Yasoda.

Then Nandarani brought her illusion son to make friendship with that yogi. She prepared bowls of milk cream and gave them to the boys to eat. She said, “O yogi, You should stay in my house and play with My Nilamani.” The *sannyāsī* yogi replied, “Listen, O mother, I am going to the village. I will come back to your house afterwards.” Then, rattling His *ḍamaru* drum, that yogi left. The poet Sri Chandan says, “Always think of that Cintamani Krishna.”

Begging from Radharani

Seeing a young yogi from a distance, all Radhika's girl companions started speaking amongst themselves. “O *sakhī*, just see this effulgent *yogi-sannyāsī*. We have never seen such a *sannyāsī* before!”

One *sakhī* asked the *sannyāsī*, “O Maharaja, where is Your *maṭha*? Are You staying in Vraja? How is it that from such an early age You have become a yogi? How is it possible for Your parents to allow You to go and beg?” The enchantingly beautiful yogi replied, “Listen, O girls of Vraja! From an early age, Dhruva became a devotee. I am newly a yogi. I will perform My *yoga-vrata*. To do that, I have to accept alms from a woman who is *pativrata*, chaste. This is My guru's order. O girls, if I can get some alms from such a chaste lady, I will be very happy.” One *gopī* jokingly said, “O yogi, I am a chaste lady. If You accept alms from My hand then You will attain the perfection of yoga.”

The *yogi sannyāsī* said, “I have heard of a young lady named Radha. Please introduce Me to Her.”
The poet Sri Chandan says, “I will accept alms from Her hand.”

Treasure of Anger

The *sannyāsī* said, “Please show Me the lotus feet of Sri Radha. This is the order My guru gave Me.”
At that time, Jatila, Radharani’s so-called mother-in-law, said, “O youthful yogi, please accept alms from my hand.”

The yogi replied, “O lady, please tell Me what is your name?”

Jatila said, “You want alms. What will You get from knowing my name?”

“O mother, that is My guru’s order. He told Me that I should only accept alms from the most chaste woman.”
Hearing this, Jatila told Visakha, “O Visakha, bring that girl whose name has become the subject of scandal all over Vraja. This *sādhū* is saying that She is *pativrata*, chaste. Let Her give a plate of alms to this *sannyāsī-yogī*.”

Surrounded by *sakhīs*, Kishori Radha, taking a plate of offerings, then came out of the house. Lalita said, “Listen, O *sannyāsī*. You are requesting alms from the most chaste woman, but all over Vraja it is declared that Radha is a disgrace to Her family.”

That yogi said, “O Kishori, please listen to Me. I have come here to see Your lotus feet. First, in the name of *dharma*, You must agree that You will give Me whatever particular alms I want. I don’t need the plate You have brought. On My guru’s order, I have come here. Now please tell Me truthfully if You will give Me what I want. My eyes have now become auspicious by seeing Your lotus feet. O crest jewel of chaste ladies, O You who delight in pastimes in Vraja, O wave-filled stream of *kṛṣṇa-prema*, it is getting late. I have to return to My *āśrama* very soon. Please, O Srimati, why are You delaying? Please consider quickly and tell Me yes or no.” O You who always enjoy pastimes of dancing, O personified internal pleasure potency of Krishna, O queen of the *rāsa* pastime, please tell, please tell.”

Hearing all these things from that *yogī-sannyāsī*, Rasamayi Radha, began breathing deeply. Meditating on *dharma*, and fearing *dharma*, She spoke Her truth, “O best of the dancing yogis, ask for whatever alms You want. I must give them to You. Three times I state this to be true.”

Stretching out His two hands, the young *sannyāsī* said, “O dear one, My desire will be fulfilled if You will give Me whatever sulkiness You have towards the son of Nanda Maharaja. O resident of Yavat, please give Me those alms. Please give them quickly. I have to go back to My *maṭha* soon.”

Full of both happiness and distress, Radharani put Her palms together. Looking at the face of the handsome young yogi, said, “O yogi, please take this. I am giving You all of My sulkiness towards Krishna.”

Gaining the treasure of Radharani’s loving anger, Lord Vamsidhari left Yavat in great happiness. As soon as He left, He immediately discarded the *sannyāsa* dress. Standing underneath the *keli kadamba* tree, He began singing the name of Radha with His flute. Hearing that sound, even the stones began to melt. When that enchanting flute song reached the ears of Radharani and the *sakhīs*, they all became captivated. The *sakhīs* said, “O Radha, can you hear that sound which is touching our hearts?”

The poet Sri Chandan says, “Discarding all hindrances of the heart, let us run to that flute player.”

At that time, from inside the *kuñja*, the *sakhīs* began an uproarious *kīrtana*:

rādhe rādhā govinda bolo!
govinda bolo bhaja gopāla bolo!
rādhe rādhā govinda bolo! ^{vi}12

Endnotes

1) The five arrows of cupid are described in *Shiva Purāṇa* 3.2.3.12: *harṣaṇa* - delighting; *rocana* - appealing; *mohana* - deluding; *śoṣaṇa* - withering; and *māraṇa* - killing.

2) In his purport to *Bhāg.* 3.6.9, His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada describes the five principle airs in the body as: *prāṇa*, the main air passing through the nose in breathing; *apāṇa*, the air which passes through the rectum as evacuated bodily air; *samāna*, the air which adjusts foodstuff in the stomach and which sometimes sounds as belching; *udāna*, the air which passes through the throat and the stoppage of which constitutes suffocation; and *vyāna*, the total air which circulates throughout the entire body.

3) Wearing a cloth around the neck and holding straw in the teeth are signs of abject humility in Vedic culture.

4) This song can be found on Gadeigiri *kīrtana* CD “*Krishna takes Sannyāsa*” from Gopal Jiu Publications.

5) In *Vraja*, Vrinda Devi is in charge of facilitating the pastimes of Radha and Krishna by providing *kuñjas*, parrots, peacocks, and other paraphernalia. As Radharani is angry with Krishna and is refusing to see Him, Vrinda’s “temple” (her service) has become dark.

6) This song can be found on Gadeigiri *kīrtana* CD “*Krishna takes Sannyāsa*” from Gopal Jiu Publications.

ⁱ The five arrows of cupid are described in *Shiva Purāṇa* 3.2.3.12: *harṣaṇa* - delighting; *rocana* - appealing; *mohana* - deluding; *śoṣaṇa* - withering; and *māraṇa* - killing.

ⁱⁱ In his purport to *Bhāg.* 3.6.9, His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada describes the five principle airs in the body as: *prāṇa*, the main air passing through the nose in breathing; *apāṇa*, the air which passes through the rectum as evacuated bodily air; *samāna*, the air which adjusts foodstuff in the stomach and which sometimes sounds as belching; *udāna*, the air which passes through the throat and the stoppage of which constitutes suffocation; and *vyāna*, the total air which circulates throughout the entire body.

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